

The West Virginian

"THE PAPER THAT GOES HOME."

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY.
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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 10, 1920.

THE AMERICAN'S CREED.

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

PERHAPS.

THERE is a glorious possibility opening before us. One of those rare visions which humans hope for, but dare not bank on actual realization.

There is the barest possible chance—one, however, which grows each day more and more encouraging that the real, honest-to-goodness home cooking is going to be ours once more, after a dolorous generation of sham food prepared by a conglomerate procession of Mary Janes and Hildas.

The increasing scarcity of domestic help impels the longing masculine mind to believe that the kitchen is soon to have the presence of a returning goddess—one long absent wrestling with clubs, committees, charities, etc., etc. A blessed presence that will wield a potato masher with as much grace as a gavel—a personage about whom there will sometimes cling a delightful aura of tantalizing food, a little in the ascendancy over Houbigant's Quelques Violettes. Hooryay! Heaven send it soon.

There has been a long, hard, blank period, when it was the rare and exceptional male being who could look at some curious, indigestible be-decked mess escorted in by Katy Mulligan, and brokenly reminisce about the pies that mother used to make. With domestic help at three-fifty per week mother has been generally busy doing battle for woman's cause elsewhere than the kitchen, and the present benedict's better half has been even more absorbed in heavy engagements.

But, oh! as Reno Fleming feelingly sang in his song hit at the Elks' show, "Excelsior! Hot Dog!" friend wife bids fair these strenuous days to peep within her own oven door again—and though perhaps not from choice—if we know friend wife, she is going to wear a smile while she does it; and the things that are going to emerge from the internal recesses of that range will be of such delectable glory that Johnny Junior's future helpmeet is going to have to listen to that same old rhapsody about mother's cooking.

The realization is not yet. There is still contending the dour period of endeavor to induce the income to include

RUFF STUFF

City paper advertises for bricklayers and offers parking space as added inducement.

Antiquated contracting firm, of course—up-to-date company would have offered hangars.

For hundreds of years skeptical folks have stood up and demanded the name of the woman Cain married.

Ever hear that question?

Who was Cain's wife?

Well, it's easy—her name is Pinky and she lives on Highland Terrace.

But she is not pink.

That ought to settle some of the scoffers for life.

Pullman rates contemplate increase of 20 per cent the first of the month.

Who cares—by the time a guy buys a new necktie he couldn't afford a ride on a kiddy-car.

Now is the time to give the old lawn mower the once over and do a little dentistry on the garden rake.

Geek next door is gonna want to borrow them right away.

Clayton Funeral Sunday Afternoon

The body of Mrs. Snow Clayton, wife of Frank Clayton, whose death occurred several days ago at Ventura, Cal., arrived here last evening and was conveyed by Undertaker R. C. Jones to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Sine, at Fairview. The deceased was 34 years of age and was popular in that community. The funeral will take place on Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from the M. E. church at Fairview and burial will be made there.

Another Whack At Old H. C. L.

NEW YORK, April 10—A public market nearly a quarter of a mile long will be started in Brooklyn April 20 in the city's war on the high cost of living. The department of markets announced the opening today and added that if the market proved successful a half more mile of market would be opened.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
The following marriage licenses were yesterday issued by Deputy County Clerk W. F. Foster:
Marcel Herbert Delmotte, 25, and Alta Delphia Tibbs, 21, both of Fairmont.
Stefano Ceccanesco, 22, and Minnie Yanero, 17, both of Fairmont. Tony Yanero, father of the girl, gave his consent in person.

CARD OF THANKS.
We want to express our thanks for the kindness shown us by the people of Barrackville and also of Fairmont during the sickness and death of our loving wife and mother, for the beautiful flowers and for those who kindly furnished their automobiles and for their words of comfort from the ministers who conducted the services (Rev. T. B. Lawler and Rev. H. G. Stoetzer, of Fairmont). We humbly play God when your troubles come, when you are parting with your loved ones, you may have as much kindness shown you as was shown us.
DUKE BRAND and FAMILY.
GRACE and JOHN JONES.

Red Brick Popular in Finland.
The chief building materials in the larger towns and trade centers of Finland are red brick and cement. Of late, lime and brick have been commonly used and there are two modern brick works. Cement stones or blocks are also used, but to no great extent. The common material is red brick, made in a great number of larger and smaller brick works. Normally, the more important works produced about 40,000,000 bricks annually. At present the supply is about exhausted.

Evening Chat

Housecleaning Time.
Won't it be a comfort when we get to Heaven and find that there are no walls to paper, no woodwork to clean and nothing of material nature to bother with! Not that most women mind making fresh and new each spring, for I believe women love this part of their duties, but because refashioning, repainting, repairing and all the rest costs so fearfully much. We used to say it was cheaper to sell one's house than to fix it up every few years, but we can't say that today with houses in such demand that many are selling when they can scarcely spare their homes. However, it costs much more this year than ever before to "do things over" and many cannot afford it. Not to be able to do all that one wishes at this time of the year means heartache to every good housekeeper. The great temptation comes strongly to call the proper individuals in at once and have it done, not stopping to ask the price until it's all over. "Then let the shock come!" say some women. "When we see our homes refurnished and looking so very nice, we'll pay with a gasp perhaps, but with the reflection that we've got something to show for it anyway."

Some Are Saving, Some Are Not.
That is we will if we've got the money somewhere lying around loose. Some of us have, though we're trying mighty hard to save it for other perhaps less prosperous days. You know the advice given today by those who think ahead of the future, is to save money instead of spending it so that when things take the predicted slump and prices go down, we'll have a nice pile in the bank.
One can make a good salary today. Men are earning good profits on their business, generally speaking. And in proportion to our earnings we have to spend. While later on, according to many, prices are bound to go down and the big earnings now will buy twice as much. Sounds all right, doesn't it? Why don't we save then? Many people are doing just this thing as any bank can tell you. And for those who can't seem to make ends meet, let alone save, life just now is

Mary Jane—but, in the blest event that the pocket book refuses to meet the issue—what ho! how bright the future!

TIME TO PRIMP.

FAIRMONT has got to clean up! The city looks down at the heels this spring—not with the appearance of poverty, however, but a general mussiness and dinginess. There are several reasons why, some of them cannot be helped, and some of them certainly can.

In the first place an enormous amount of construction is under way and things are torn up generally in large sections of the city. There is positively nothing actually pretty about half completed construction; the scarred, mutilated ground, dumps of cement and bricks, piles of stone and sand and the skeleton frames arising are as full of promise as a freckled little lad minus his front teeth, but by no means are they objects of moving beauty.

These conditions cannot be changed because they must exist in a growing city. Another phase of the question is the excessive cost of paint and labor which burdens home owners from freshening up properties and making improvements that in ordinary times would promptly receive attention.

Because of these conditions we must do our best in other ways. Every scrap of rubbish can be collected and disposed of, and vines and shrubbery can be trimmed, and lime and whitewash are not prohibitive in price and may be applied without a union training.

A special appeal is made to renters. The renter is not apt to take as much pride in property as does the owner. This is but natural; however, let us hope the renters will make a big effort along this line and cooperate with landlords in the matter of spring clean-up. Spend a few extra dollars if necessary. The satisfaction of looking tidy will more than repay. Because we are in the throes of transition from an overgrown town to a city's proportions we must make the very best of everything, and primp as much as possible.

A TIRED JUDGE.

THE other day in Chicago a judge of the Superior court resigned. He said he was sick and tired of hearing divorce cases. That was his reason. He didn't say much about the men who seek divorce. But as to the women, he gave it out that idle women and women seeking excitement were the ones who most frequently appeared asking divorces.

Somewhere they have told that the devil finds plenty of work for idle hands to do. Perhaps the devil is looking especially after the idle woman who wants "excitement." Same, healthy, normal women need seldom to be idle. Few of them are. A few fairies in the home, or a couple of harum-scarum boys, will give wives so much to think about and to do that idleness would be banned. The same causes would supply plenty of excitement, too. Depend upon that. One can hardly blame a judge for being tired of tales of marital woe.

But one cannot agree with the statement he made. This is it: "Marriage does not mean anything any more." Yes, marriage does mean something. It means as much as it ever did. It means by right, love, and home, and children, and human happiness. It has always meant that.

Although the outlaw rail strike will doubtless cause a great deal of annoyance and perhaps some real suffering because of lack of food shipments, it will of a certainty be of short duration and of no gain to the strikers. Scant sympathy will accompany their attitude in calling a strike in defiance of the brotherhood. These breaks weaken the whole structure of labor. The solidarity is not there any more, and only by absolute accordance can united workers maintain their strength.

It will surely be a matter for congratulation if the miserable cold spell just past has not done actual harm to the fruit crop. Farmers out of the town reported wonderful prospects for an abundant fruit year. There was every evidence of a bumper crop, and it would indeed have been a calamity if this promise had been blasted. Things look now like the buds had escaped damage.

The parking problem in regard to machines is going to have to have special attention one of these days. The congestion on the side streets given over to this purpose is becoming worse and worse. Cars are wedged in so closely that bumps and scratches occur, the driver ever so careful, and the narrow space left in mid-street makes passing difficult and dangerous. Just what will be a satisfactory arrangement remains to be discovered, but some solution will have to be reached at a not far distant day.

rather hard and unlovely. To all women who are compelled to fix up their homes just now, painfully and slowly by themselves, with no one to help, let me say that there is a reward for hard work however distant it appears. The satisfaction lies in the feeling that through one's own efforts and desire, something has been achieved which was hard to do. Everybody knows, or should know, that house cleaning is the hardest work in the world. A woman who does her own deserves happiness for a task well done. The result I know will repay for, after her muscles have rested up for a day or so.

One Never Knows.

Speaking of wills, a funny thing happened the other day—funny for the other fellow. A woman I know worked harder than most women work. She kept right at it all of her married life and her idea was that when she died her children might have something a bit more than she had, to start out life with. This was a beautiful unselfish way to look at things. But she hadn't bargained on death, that unlooked for visitor who comes without warning into homes and carries away the one needed the most so often. She died very suddenly. She and her husband had saved quite a little money and they had their home paid for besides. A will had been made leaving the husband in charge of everything for as the woman said, "A father would know how best to care for his little ones and if property is left directly to children, one never knows—"

Now that was just what I thought when I learned the other day that the husband had married again and was fixing the home up in wonderful fashion, much more wonderful style than the first wife had ever known. I wondered what there would be left for those little children by the time they were of age for there are four, all of them under 16. And it led me to thinking how very necessary it is that parents shall make wills if there is money or property to leave—right wills, not sentimental ones. The mother owed it to her children to see that they got the money she had saved for them through going without. Just as a husband these days and in this state owes it to his children to see that they are protected after his death by adequate will, or if there are no children that his wife is protected. You know if a husband dies in West Virginia and there are no children, in the event of no will, his wife gets but a third of what he has and the remainder goes to his people. There are thousands of cases in existence where much injustice and sorrow occurs because of a lack of thoughtfulness on the part of a husband or wife or anyone else who has property to be inherited which through lack of will goes to the wrong person.

MANY ANXIOUS HOURS OF WORRY

ABOUT THAT CROUPY CHILD AVOIDED FOR 30 CENTS.

The Fairmont Pharmacy the drug-gist, sells a preparation called SIM-CO SALVE that will afford more real relief in one night for croup, cold on the lungs, etc., than all the old-fashioned internal emetics and syrups you have ever tried. It is an active antiseptic salve that reaches the lungs, the outside and the inside of the lung, that is why it is so unusually effective. It is the new antiseptic salve to kill the germ and at the same time is soothing, healing and refreshing to the fevered child or adult. The same salve that is penetrating from without by application to the chest and throat, is reaching the inside by inhalation at the same time and without the use of patent inhalers or expensive other than the trifle paid for the salve, only 30c, and besides the Fairmont Pharmacy sells it on the "money-back if it fails" plan.

SIM-CO SALVE does what home ability can never do; what remedy for these ailments, can compare with SIM-CO SALVE which reaches the inside of the lungs?

The name SIM-CO applied to medicines is your assurance of quality, purity, uniformity of strength and accuracy in compounding; it is used as an abbreviation of nickname for the name Simpson Co. It is used successfully as a liniment for sprains, sore muscles, rheumatism, neuralgia, lame back, or other similar affections.

Go down to Fairmont Pharmacy drug store and get a jar today and try it and then tell us which is the best ointment on the market today. Sold at 30c, 60c and \$1.00 per jar. If your druggist does not keep it or costs so fearfully much, we used to say it was cheaper to sell one's house than to fix it up every few years, but we can't say that today with houses in such demand that many are selling when they can scarcely spare their homes. However, it costs much more this year than ever before to "do things over" and many cannot afford it. Not to be able to do all that one wishes at this time of the year means heartache to every good housekeeper. The great temptation comes strongly to call the proper individuals in at once and have it done, not stopping to ask the price until it's all over. "Then let the shock come!" say some women. "When we see our homes refurnished and looking so very nice, we'll pay with a gasp perhaps, but with the reflection that we've got something to show for it anyway."

THERE is an opening in the selling organization of this company for six men of ability and personality.

Please call for Mr. T. E. Litchfield.

Fairmont Trust Co.

COURTNEYS' STORE NEWS

Published Weekly in the Interest of Good Merchandising By S. J. Courtney & Son Co., Dealer in Women's Wearing Apparel

NUMBER 7

APRIL 10, 1920

FAIRMONT, W. VA

Speaking About Sales and Advertising

The brief session of special After-Easter selling we indulged in the latter part of the week brought out a great many shoppers notwithstanding the extremely unsettled weather.

We take it that our advertisements of the event were widely read, but better than that, we take it that our patrons believed what they read about the bargains in our advertisements.

Advertising has come to be a vital force in our daily news. We expect it and look for it. Folks would feel lost without advertisements and everybody reads them quite the same as the other news of the times. But, woe unto the merchant who misrepresents things in advertisements; who makes statements and fails to back them up.

Advertising and sales must hang together. We advertised our after Easter Sale and then we backed it up with the goods. All Fairmont merchants and other good merchants do the same thing. Whenever you read in Fairmont newspapers about sales you can feel pretty certain you are going to find they are exactly as advertised.

The North Pole

Robert E. Peary found the North Pole because he knew how to make the calculations himself. Falling seven times, he was not discouraged. He knew he was right and had the courage to make the eighth attempt, which brought success.

Success is not a by-product of luck by any means. It's the forethought of anticipation, accurately calculated, with courage and conviction as its fundamental foundation.

Robert E. Peary would have made a good merchant. He was a planner. He had no use for deception.

All honor to the man whose memory we shall ever cherish, for he was honest with himself and with others and knew how to calculate so as to achieve success—and to do a great service for science and the world.

Likewise, this store endeavors to render a similar service to its patrons by making the proper calculations in buying merchandise. And the reason we head this article as we do, and have written about Robert E. Peary, is because we want to point the moral of calculating accurately and courageously no matter how great are life's obstacles.

Little Things That Count

They are veils, handbags, gloves, hosiery, handkerchiefs, neckwear and undergarments. Knowing this, we have provided for April selection an adequate and fascinating assortment of each. Topmost, if not most important of all to the stylishly correct woman, are veils this season, and here one finds countless new novelties, handbags, too, are varied and original, but not more so than April's neckwear fancies. Gloves and hosiery may match one's costume or offer pleasing contrast.

It's enough to say we have all the newest things and the newest of all things you will be interested in wearing.

Next week there will be many Additions of New Merchandise brought into our Spring and

Summer Stocks. You will enjoy frequent visits here, we believe.



A Skirt Plus A Blouse Equals A Costume

Dame Fashion says: "Skirts will be worn more this Summer than ever before."

Women who admire the newest, undoubtedly will welcome this bit of skirt news with joy, not alone for their loveliness, but for the economy they present. Worn with a crisp, new blouse they make a cool and stylish appearance.

HERE'S THE NEWS: We have brought into our stocks more skirts for the present Spring season and the coming Summer season than we have ever had at one time in the past. Every last one of them is bound to please some woman who is seeking distinctiveness and quality worthy the price she pays. Every last one of them is a beautiful Skirt just made to complete some one's Spring and Summer outfit.

Low Prices

While making the statement that our prices are low—in many cases lower than those generally prevailing—we invite your comparison to prove this assertion. And, at the same time, while not desiring to be known as a "cheap store," our prices are usually lower than stores which are in that questionable class.

Cheapness is only a relative term. The quality you get for what you pay is the only certain evidence of a purchase well made.

Notes About the New Things for Spring

The vogue of silk is quite emphatic. Silks of great range of color and in peculiar soft finish appear in the new frocks coming through Summer. Silks are also used for the most peculiar and pleasing of new skirts.

The effect of a suit and the charm of a frock are embodied in ultra-modish coat dresses made of navy blue tricotines. They also have beautiful vest effects.

For street wearing there are smaller shaped hats trimmed with small flowers. They are considered very correct.

New smocks for Spring show some of the prettiest colors imaginable. They are buff, rose, pink, Nile green, light blue, and, of course, white. But the shades are much richer than are usually seen, and they are also embroidered with gay silks and yarns.

Very pretty are the newly received kimonoes of figured serpentine crepe in a great many color combinations. They are quite inexpensive.

Narrow belts are very much in evidence on Spring coats. Sometimes they are of self fabric, while at other times they are of leather and made ornamental by metal studs.

Fluttering ribbons, posies and Spring-like as they are pretty, and fetching shades of straw combine to make the neat little Spring and Summer hats little girls will wear.